YOUNG DOCTOR RAY'S TEMPTATION.

WRITTEN EXCLUSIVELY FOR THE EVENING STAR BY MRS. E. D. E. N. SOUTHWORTH.

"The fall thou darest to despise—
May be the angel's slackened hand
Has suffered it, that he may rise
And take a firmer, surer stand."
—ADELAIDE A. PROCTER.

IT WAS A DARK, COLD, BLUSTERING night in the month of March. But inside the dining room of the Eagle Hotel in the country town of North Hills all was warm, bright and cozy. The spacious room had been engaged for the night by the Northchester County Medical Society for their customary conference.

The scientific discussions and the business part of the meeting was over. The festivities were in full flow. It was a very mixed crowd of young, middle aged and old men, of well-dressed, ill-clothed and poorly clad men, that gathered around the table. Some seemed to come from the cultured classes of society, some from the middle and some few from the very humblest.

But with one alone have we anything to do—Lee Ray. He was a tall, thin, delicate young man, with an intellectual head and face, fine and clearly cut features; a fair complexion, lightly curling flaxen hair and beard and large light-gray eyes—a blonde of the purest type. His hands were as white and shapely as any young girl's. The dainty cleanness of his threadbare black dress suit and snow white linen showed him to be a poor gentleman.

Lee Ray was alone in the world. He had lost both parents in early childhood, had been reared by a guardian and educated at a public school. He had spent nearly the whole of his small patrimony in his medical training, so that when he received his degree he had scarcely the means to take him to the country town of Upperville.

He established his quarters in a little white ston cottage standing in its own shady yard on Main street, on the same side and about midway between the hotel and the post office, a good location, he thought, for the practice of his profession. It was a double house, with a passage running through the middle from front to back and having rooms on the right and left. It was the right-hand front room that the doctor rented for his office and the attic room over it for his bed room. He also took board with the family. Such a family! A sister, aged seventeen, who was mistress of the house; three little brothers, aged eleven, nine and seven, respectively, and finally a good old country woman, who was everybody's "Aunt Becky," and seemed to have no other name. She lived with the orphans for the sake of a home.

May Pigeon, the young sister, was a teacher in the primary department of the district public school. She was just a plump little brunette, with curly dark hair, soft brown eyes and sweet smile. Her dress was plain and neat. She did her duties faithfully.

At first she was glad to get a lodger and boarder, whose pay would help to support the little household, and she became happy in the company of the refined and cultivated young man.

With this good little girl Lee Ray began to feel in love for the first and only time in his life. Every lover thinks his sweetheart to be an angel, but Lee Ray knew his own to be one. A child who worked hard and cheerfully to support her orphan brothers to keep them out of the streets and at school; who denied herself of every bit of girlish finery that they might be better clothed; who stayed home from young people's gatherings to darn their socks or mend their clothes; who wore a threadbare black cashmere gown without a single relief except the cheap little white collar and cuffs. Ah! that threadbare black gown! It was just the match for his threadbare black coat! It was a boyish thought, but it seemed to bring them nearer together.

The best of his lot now was that he lived under the same roof with May; sat at the same table with her, and felt that his weekly payments helped to lighten the burden her young shoulders had to bear. There were times when this situation contented him, as it always contented May. She was happy. She would not have had anything changed in their circumstances. She hoped that the doctor might always board with her little family; that she might always see him at breakfast, dinner and tea, and when she sat sewing in her little parlor of evenings feel that he was in his office across the passage reading, and that he might, maybe, come across and rap at the door and ask:

"May I come in and read to you something?"

She knew that the young doctor loved her, and that he was not able to marry. But what of that? Why! neither was she! She belonged to her little brothers and Aunt Becky. She had them to take care of. So she and the doctor were alike in that matter, and that was another link of sympathy between them. And, after all, what could they want but just to live happily together as they were now living—like brother and sister in the same house together with Aunt Becky and the little boys?

Lee Ray's office rent, board and washing bills were causes of great anxiety to him. He could not know always how he should pay them from one week to another. Yet, so far he had managed to do so, but ah! not from his practice! He received small compensations from a new medical magazine, to which he occasionally sent articles. Meantime he was "patiently waiting for patients." He used every lawful and honorable means for acquiring a practice. Among the rest he joined the Northchester County Medical Society, but without avail. There were five other physicians beside himself in the town where there was only business for two, or at most three. And as far as inquiry could inform him the profession was as much overcrowded in every other town and city as it was in Upperville. And it was getting more and more overcrowded every year. So many young men, without any consideration of fitness, seemed to be instigated by a fatal ambition to enter the learned professions, to become lawyers, doctors or clergymen. The civil offices of the government are largely filled with unsuccessful professional men, who would have done much better had they learned some mechanical trade. And in the case of Lee Ray, there were other adverse circumstances. He was, perhaps, too conscientious for the unscrupulous warfare that is sometimes necessary to success. It is generally believed that men's depravity only stands in the way of their progress, but it really seemed as if Lee Ray's integrity obstructed his course. He would not break a law of God or man, however safely he might have done so, to save a reputation or to gain a fee, no matter how strongly his benevolence or his self interest might be invoked.

"Doctor," said a high official dignitary, who had rainly appealed to him one day for a confidential service, "when you shall have made your reputation and have acquired a lucrative practice you may afford to be so extremely righteous overmuch, but you really cannot afford so expensive a moral luxury at this stage of your career."

The young physician gravely bent his head and bowed his would-be patron out of his office.

But that "patron" took his vengeance. He went about among his neighbors insinuating that young Dr. Lee Ray was something of a crank, whom it would be scarcely safe to trust with a serious case!

And now to add to his other troubles Ray was seriously in love! No word of love or love-making had ever passed between him and his sweetheart. On this evening of the meeting of the society he had taken a thoughtful and scholarly part in the discussions of questions of medical science and these had brought before the meeting, but a very small share in the festivities that followed. He sat near the foot of the table, mechanically turning a nut cracker in his fingers, watching his compeers as they sipped brandy, cracked walnuts and nibbled cheese; some of them told unseemly stories and made frivolous jests.

Lee Ray was in an evil mood; and he watched his companions cynically and judged them uncharitably. But then he was the most unlucky of all the men present. Every one of them had other resources beyond the practice of their profession. He had nothing. There was Patrick O'Halloran, the tall, broad-shouldered, large-limbed, bullet-headed son of a rich liquor dealer. He had barely passed when he got his diploma. What brought him into the overcrowded profession? He would have been muchmore suitably placed behind his father's bar. His clumsy hands were not fitted to take the time of so delicate an instrument as the human pulse. Yet, he was always "flush" of money, and did not depend upon getting into practice. And there were so many like him, drawn by a mistaken ambition from the ranks of manual labor, for which their strong muscles fitted them, into the learned professions, for which they were not fitted. There was also Eugene Lavelle, the son of a retired millionaire broker. What in heaven's name had drawn him into the overcrowded profession? unless

"Satan finds some mischief still
For idle hands to do."

He was better, no doubt, at leading the german than lancing an abscess; for holding a lady's bouquet than handling a scalpel. Then there was old Dr. Graystone, seventy-five years of age if a day! He had made a comfortable fortune by his practice before the pressure of competition had driven so many aspirants to despair. Why in the name of justice and mercy could he not retire and give the younger men a chance? How could those trembling old fingers feel a pulse or write a prescription intelligibly?

Here they all were, young and old, growing more convivial and hilarious every minute. Why should they not? Every one of them knew where the money was to come from to pay the next month's bills, nay, their next year's, and every year's to come for a time indefinite. But as for himself, Lee Ray, if his article just sent to the new Medical Review should not be accepted and promptly paid for, how should he face his creditors? Certainly they were gentle and most considerate. May, his landlady, and Aunt Becky, his laundress. But that did not make the prospect of non-payment the less bitter. He knew his own ability. He knew that if he could only get an opportunity how surely that ability would be recognized, how secure his future success would become. But the medical profession was so overcrowded everywhere. Competition ran so high. In his own adopted town as elsewhere, if only those two old doctors would retire, or—he hesitated to add even in his thoughts—die. Or, if O'Halloran would go back to his father and keep his books or dispense his liquors; or if Schneider would emigrate to Colorado and buy a cattle ranche. If—oh, if!

Meantime "the fun grew fast and furious." It was past midnight when the meeting broke up and Lee Ray, all unconsciously, went forth to meet the most awful moment of his life!

The party from Upperville was the last to leave. It took some little time to get the stage coach they had chartered for their journey to be brought around to the door. So old Dr. Graystone proposed to treat his party with a "hot Scotch" to warm them up for the cold drive of thirteen miles to Upperville. And Lee Ray took his share and repented doing so to the last day of his life!

The whole party lit fresh cigars and set out through the dark hours of that bleak morning to return to Upperville.

That night! Could Lee Ray ever forget it while he should live in this lower world? Should he be permitted to forget it in the upper world? Meanwhile he drifted on to his unknown doom.

There were six passengers inside that coach—the doctors from Upperville. They were tired and sleepy now, and, wrapped up in their overcoats and mufflers, with hats pulled down over their ears, were lying back in their seats smoking while all the leather curtains were drawn down to keep out the cold air.

Soon the stifling air grew so intolerable to young Ray that he asked leave to stop the coach that he might get out and ride beside the driver. Permission was given with drowsy warnings against pneumonia, influenza, &c., poor Ray thinking as he mounted his airy seat that he cared not now soon the one or the other should carry him off.

The blustering wind had gone down or only rose in occasional puffs from the northeast. The horses traveled slowly. They were tired, for this was beyond their usual working hours. The driver was nodding. It was past his bed time. Luckily the road was good, though the night was dark, and the horses, good old stagers, would as soon have dreamed of flying as bolting. The coach crept along like a creature of infinite leisure. Time passed slowly. All was so dark that there was nothing to be seen but sterile fields and spectral forests, stretching away to the dusky horizon.

The great clock from some unseen factory struck 4. By that proximity to the factory Ray knew that they had gone over half the thirteen miles between North Hills and Upperville. All was silent within the coach, but for an occasional snore from some one of the party sleeping heavily under the influence of fatigue and hot Scotch! Of all the set the young doctor was the only waking one. That which had overcome the others had excited him, disordered his brain, stirred up all his latent evil passions and filled him with bitterest envy—envy! He envied every one of his more fortunate companions in the coach. They could all pay their debts and enjoy all the comforts and luxuries of life. He even envied the driver beside him! He was sure of his wages, and he had his lodging. He could even have envied the horses! They were sure of their stalls and their fodder! But what was he, Lee Ray, sure of? Nothing, indeed, but hopeless indebtedness and endless anxiety!

While the poor fellow was maddening himself with these bitter thoughts the slow coach was creeping toward the railway crossing. And all within and upon the coach were asleep but Ray. He laid his hands upon the reins, but the sleeping driver started, seized them tightly, dropped off to sleep again. And the horses crept straight on. Close and closer went the coach toward the fatal track! What was that? the low, distant hum and bur-r-r, and soon near and nearer roar and thunder of the rushing train! The first instinct of the young doctor was to seize the reins and turn the horses heads out of danger. But in an instant came a temptation, swift, fierce and overpowering—a sudden as the descent of the fabled Apollyon—to leap down from his seat, throw himself before the train and so solve the problem, or end the pain of life! But, quick as a flash, a more infernal inspiration seized him and forced him to spring off clear of the road and leave the doomed coach with its living freight to go to destruction!

He struck the ground just, it seemed, as the rushing train struck the coach and hurled it up into the dark sky to fall in broken fragments with the mutilated bodies to the ground! Ah, heaven! the wild cries of terror, anguish and despair! The groans of mental agony! The distracting, maddening confusion! An instant's impulse, an instant's act had brought this awful chaos of destruction! The man lay dazed with horror, staring at his crime!

The train had stopped. Amid the shrieks and groans and wails a crowd gathered and grew. Where did all the multitude come from? Every house and hovel seemed to have given up its inmates as the graves will give up their dead at the last day! A multitude of excited people appeared too distracted to suggest the best thing to be done.

And he! the miserable man lying prone upon the roadside, stunned by the suddenness of his awful fall into guilt and horror, saw all, heard all as through a hideous nightmare. He saw dead men and dying men, mutilated and lacerated bodies drawn out from the wreck, and placed on planks or shutters hastily brought by the country people. He heard the sharp cries of agony from some who were still living, and then he heard a loud authoritative voice raised to inquire:

"Is there a doctor present? If so, for God's sake let him come here!

Ray knew that there could be no living and unhurt doctor on the spot, or that doctor would have been the first to rush to the rescue, if by any forlorn hope any victim might be eased of pain or saved from death. Ray was a doctor, but he could not help, nor move, nor even cry out. He lay there motionless until some one in the crowd stumbled against him, then stooped over him, and with an exclamation of pity inquired, "Are you hurt much? Where are you hurt? Can you answer?" And with these last words the speaker knelt down and began to feel his pulse, repeating his question.

But Ray could not answer, overwhelmed as he was in his perdition of guilt. Oh, for the innocence of one hour ago! The most groveling poverty, the most miserable illness, the uttermost destitution with innocence would have been heaven to this!

"Help, here, some of you!" said the man who was kneeling beside him; "here is another one done for, I am afraid!"

Help came and Ray felt himself lifted and laid upon a shutter. As he was borne along he saw a row of six mangled corpses laid on planks and guarded by two men with torches in their hands. And then he fainted.

How he was taken back from the scene of the catastrophe to his own lodgings he never remembered.

"What shall it profit a man if he gain the whole world and lose his own soul?"

Within a few days after the catastrophe, which had removed a very rival from his path, leaving him a clear field, young Dr. Ray seemed to be gaining the whole world—that is, the whole world of his own small sphere—that of the sole medical practitioner in the town of Upperville. The very morning after the tragedy he had as many calls as he could attend to that day. And oh, cruel irony of fate, some of these were to attend the families of those who had been killed in the railroad collision of the night before—bereaved mothers, widows, sisters, prostrated with grief! Dr. Graystone's old wife died. Young O'Halloran's betrothed went mad for a while. Other misfortunes resulted. But Dr. Lee Ray rose triumphant upon the ruin of his rivals. The only medical practitioner in the town of Upperville, where there had been six! And the season of coughs and colds, pneumonia, rheumatism, &c., was at its height! He knew this state of affairs could not last. It seemed like a dream even now. As soon as it should become generally known that there was but one doctor in Upperville young aspirants for medical practice would flock to the scene of enterprise and there would be more rivals than ever—with this difference, however, that they could not now become successful rivals. He, Dr. Lee Ray, had the inside track and his position would be secured beyond the possibility of dangerous competition before the arrival and settlement of the young medical graduates who would be sure to come.

In a few weeks he had as much as he could possibly do—more than he ought to have attempted. He bought a gig and horse and hired a boy to attend to them. He rented the barn in the rear of the Pigeon premises and turned it into a stable. A more successful young physician than Lee Ray did not live on earth! A more miserable sinner than Lee Ray did not writhe in sheol! He had lost all the sweet relish for love, for ambition, for any good that this world could bring him; yes, for life itself! In life seemed now a nightmare from which only death could rouse him. He might have killed himself in his mental anguish had not some inspiration taught him that here on this earth he must expiate his sin, if, indeed, it could ever be expiated, and work out his salvation, if, perchance, it could possibly be worked out.

He toiled day and night at his profession, no longer for wealth or fame—for these he had lost all taste—but because for one reason, paradoxical as it may seem, he could not rest except in action; for another reason, he hoped—vain hope—to atone for his great sin by doing all the good he could. He answered every call made upon him. He visited and treated the sick poor without charge and even supplied them with medicine, food and every necessary of life at his own cost. Yet, notwithstanding his hard and continuous work, he did not break down. He kept himself up by a seductive drug the powers of which for present good and the danger of which for future evil he knew. And, notwithstanding his liberal charities, he accumulated money faster than he could find use for it. And whatever else he was doing, he prayed inwardly day and night. Prayed for pardon for his one act of madness, his one deadly sin. Prayed that he might be permitted to atone for it in labor and suffering. Prayed, but prayed in vain. Oh! for the peace and innocence of a few months ago, with all its poverty and privation! Oh! for the lost paradise of his soul!

In the midst of his mental tortures his attention was drawn toward May in a painful manner. It was during the short, dark days before Christmas that late one night Aunt Becky crept into the young doctor's office with a mysterious, not to say guilty, look, went up to him and whispered that she wanted him just to take a good look at May, "promiscuous like, and not to let on as anybody had put anybody up to doing of it."

To the doctor's inquiries the old woman explained: "The child had a fever every afternoon and sweats in the night and fits of coughing in the morning, and that was the way her mother began to go!"

With troubled eyes Lee Ray gazed at the speaker. Through all the dull gnawing of "the worm that dieth not" he felt a sharp pang. Was his "child angel" falling ill? And in the nightmare of his life he had not noticed it! He questioned Aunt Becky further and learned enough to alarm him for the young girl's life. He promised to observe the invalid and to do all he could for her relief. Aunt Becky again bound him over to secrecy as to her own interference and then left his office.

The next day being Saturday before Christmas the young teacher had a holiday until the Monday after New Year's day. Dr. Ray took occasion to put a few adroit questions to her without exciting her suspicion, and she answered frankly and, so far as she knew, truthfully. "She was not ill—not much. She had a cold. Almost everybody had at this season. She was not going to lay up for it—not she, indeed."

Upon careful examination the doctor discovered that the girl was doomed; that her life was a question of a few weeks, or months at farthest. He did not tell the fatal fact to her or to Aunt Becky. But he formed a resolution consonant with his morbid state of mind and his theory of expiation. He would marry this consumptive girl, so that he might take care of her both day and night. He would devote himself to the prolonging, consoling and cheering her life, so that she should never know her danger. No! not even when she should die in his arms, or slip from life to living on forever! She was already fit for heaven. And then his sin might be pardoned for the child angel's sake.

It is needless to repeat the arguments by which he persuaded her to her own health and his happiness depended upon her resigning her position in the school and becoming his wife. She was but a child of seventeen, weak, failing and suffering, and she loved him, believed in him and looked up to him. So they were married early in the new year.

My story draws to a close. The young husband consecrated every hour not given to the duties of his profession to his bride. But she grew no better. He took a fine house, furnished it sumptuously. He made her sick room a dream of comfort, elegance, luxury! He bought a closed coupe that she might drive out without danger of taking cold. The best of wines, the most nutritious food, the strongest tonics were procured for her, yet she grew worse.

Nor was the nightmare of his own remorse lifted in the least degree! His toil, his prayers, his charities to the poor, his devotion to his dying bride, all failed to lessen the depth of his despair, that grew deeper every day. At last, as he foresaw, his child bride fell asleep one evening in his arms and so passed from the troubled life of the flesh to the tranquil life of the soul.

Then the crisis came! It was on the day of her funeral and it was in the cemetery. He had never entered this cemetery before. Now he stepped out of the mourning coach at the great gate and walked behind the pallbearers who were carrying the casket toward the open grave. To say that he walked like a man in a hideous dream would be to describe his condition not only for this one day, but for all the time that had passed since the sense of unpardonable guilt had fallen upon his soul.

Once he raised his eyes as he walked and there right before him! staring at him! accusing him! were five graves with five headstones bearing the names of his victims! And for the second time in his life he fainted away!

"How he loved his young wife?" he heard some one say, as he came to consciousness.

When he recovered his senses he found himself in bed. He knew that he must have been brought hither in a state of unconsciousness. The room was very dark. He could see but one spark of light, which seemed to come from a night taper on the hearth, and the indistinct figure of some one near the foot of the bed. But he did not wish to speak or to be spoken to. He was in perdition! Parted from his May, parted from all that was good forever and ever by the great gulf that separates heaven from hell. All that he had done had failed in expiation and atonement. His prayers had not been heard, his good works had not been accepted! Why not? when his remorse had been so deep; when he had tried so hard to expiate, to atone!

It seemed now to be borne upon his mind that his remorse had been only remorse and not repentance. It could not be repentance without confession. He must confess. The law could do nothing to him, he knew. The law could not touch him for jumping off the coach, saving himself and leaving his unconscious companions to go on to be killed by the approaching train. Public opinion only could punish him for that, but with abhorrence, execration and ostracism much harder to bear than any sentence the law could inflict, but not so hard, so awful as retribution from the pangs of conscience.

He would bear this burden of guilt no longer! He would make an open confession. Then, perhaps, at last, though he would be socially and professionally ruined, God would forgive him! Then he would leave Upperville, take poor May's little brothers with him and go to the far southwest and get work for himself on some ranch. He would die, but the boys would live and get on. Yes, this day he would make his confession.

This resolution gave him more peace than he had enjoyed since the night of his awful crime. The nightmare was gone. He fell into a sweet sleep. When he awoke again the room was lighter. He sighed.

Some one came to the bedside and looked over him. He made out the figure.

"Is that you, Aunt Becky?" he inquired.

"Oh, honey! do you know me? I'm that glad! Thank the good Lord in heaven! How do you feel, honey?"

"Better than for a long time past!"

"Let me open the window and take a good look at you!"

"Who brought me home, Aunt Becky?"

"Old Dr. Graystone and young O'Halloran. And one or t'other has been along of you night and day ever since! But I must open the window," said the old woman, as she moved off.

"Dr. Graystone! O'Halloran! What in the world are you talking about?" inquired the perplexed invalid.

Aunt Becky opened the window and threw back the shutters and let in the morning sunshine before she turned around and answered.

"Yes! and that dewoted to you as if you'd been their own dear flesh and blood! Young Dr. O'Halloran is down there on the sofa into your office, where he's been all night, in case of a change. One or t'other of them young doctors has stayed in the house all night every blessed night ever since you was took. And one of them old doctors come here twicet a day!"

Ray did not answer her. He scarcely heard her. He was staring around the room, now clearly revealed in the morning light. It was not the sumptuous chamber he had fitted up for his invalid bride, where he had nursed her and where she had died in his arms, and where he had slept ever since! It was his former little garret room at the Pigeon cottage!

"Why—how came I back here?" he inquired, speaking feebly and bewilderingly, and passing his hand over his brow.

"Now, hain't I told you? Dear old Dr. Graystone and that fine young Dr. O'Halloran fetched you! But now you've got to hush chattering and swally this, which I must say you allers took it as 'bedient as a lamb, even in your worse tantrums!" said Aunt Becky. As she spoke she put the spout of a small china feeding vessel between his lips.

"But—Graystone—and—O'Halloran—were—were killed on the—railroad!" he said, as she withdrew the empty vessel from his lips.

"Ah, now! now! now! don't go off into d'lireums again! That's what you've been doing ever since you was took! Nobody never was killed! It was your own 'magination in your d'lireums. Why, when I had the tiefoot fever, I 'maginated I was a—. But there's Dr. Graystone's gig now! And thank the Lord for it. Now I'll go and let him in and send him up, and then get a cup o' coffee for poor Dr. O'Halloran 'fore he goes out!" mumbled Aunt Becky, as she left the room and shuffled down stairs.

"Fever! Delirium! What is all this? What does it mean, oh, Heavenly Father?" breathed the young man in perplexity, bordering on insanity.

Before he could hope to answer his own questions he heard the front door open, some anxious words exchanged between Aunt Becky and the old doctor, and then the ascending steps of the latter, who soon entered the room and came up to the bedside and looked at his patient, who also lifted his eyes and looked upon him.

"Well, my young friend," said the old doctor pleasantly, as he took hold of Ray's wrist, "I am happy to see you so much better."

Ray gazed at the speaker for a minute, perhaps, and answered:

"Thank you, doctor. How long have I been ill?"

"About a fortnight, my boy. Ever since the night of the last meeting of our society."

"And the accident? The collision? You are safe! Thank God! Was—was any one fatally injured?" he asked.

"Ah, there you are! Off again! A fixed idea is as hard to eradicate as the head of a tapeworm! There was no collision, my young friend! Though the narrowest escape I ever heard of."

"How—how—how was it?" faltered the young man.

"The noise of the rushing train aroused us. You jumped off. The coach passed over the track safely just as the train rushed past."

"And—and—and?"

"The horses reared but were soon quieted. We pulled up and got out to look for you. Found you on the ground unconscious. We brought you home. You have been ill two weeks, delirious or comatose all the time until now. Now I think you are safe."

"And—and—and it was only a dream of fever and delirium?"

"Ought of that."

"Oh, thank God! Thank God! Thank God! Farewell all dreams of love, of wealth and fame! Welcome guiltless poverty!"

SEEDS FOR HUMAN DIET.

Some Curious Ones That Are Eaten by Savage Peoples—Other Queer Foods.

MANKIND SUBSISTS TO A GREAT EXtent upon the seeds of plants. Of course, all the grains are seeds. Likewise the nuts are all seeds. There other seeds, and many of them, by no means so familiar as a diet, which, nevertheless, contribute largely to the support of human beings.

Acorns form an important article of diet among many tribes of Indians. They are bruised into meal and made into dough for bread. The meal is usually soaked preliminarily in water to take away its bitter taste. Acorns are stored away in trees by woodpeckers, and in times of scarcity the natives rob these deposits.

Many kinds of grass seed are used to make flour for bread and mush of excellent quality. Along the rivers in Colorado and Arizona grass seeds are collected in large quantities and supply a much valued winter food for the Indians. They are ground into flour, mixed with water into a dough, and cakes of the latter are baked in the hot sand.

Sunflower seeds of several species afford a staple article of diet among the Indians of southern Utah and elsewhere. They are ground and sometimes mixed with greasy marrow from the bones of animals for baking in the ashes.

BREAD FROM MESQUITE.

In southern California the Indians make bread from the pods of a leguminous plant called the "mesquite." A squaw pounds the pods fine in a wooden mortar. Then she takes from her head her conical hat and sprinkles a little water inside of it. Next she sprinkles a little meal in the hat, then a little more water, again a little more meal, and so alternately until the hat is full. This accomplished, she exposes the hat and its contents to the sun until the mixture is baked into a solid loaf.

In southern Utah grape seeds are ground into meal for food and palm seeds are similarly treated by the Indians of southern California. The Quapaw Indians in Arkansas extract the meats of black walnuts and mix them with corn for bread. Gourd seeds are parched, browned and made into mush by the Indians of Arizona. Pine nuts contribute importantly to the food of many tribes of Indians. The Digueños, who are the laziest of savages, save themselves trouble in the collecting of these "pinons" by kindling fires against the trees, which cause the nuts to fall out of the cones, while a sweet gum exudes from the bark, serving their uses for sugar.

Savages find many sources of food supply where civilized people would starve. In Utah the flowers of the cat tails, which bloom in the spring, are regarded as a delicacy either raw or cooked. Boiled, they make very good soup. California Indians make bread from the pollen of cat tails, which they collect in large quantities by beating it off from the plants and catching it on blankets.

CAKES OF SEAWEED.

Indians of the northwest coast subsist largely upon cakes of seaweed prepared by pressing and drying in the sun. They also eat this same sort of seaweed very fine and mix it with the grease of the candle fish, thus composing a repulsive oily mass, which they relish greatly. Seaweed cakes of the sort described are also made by the Chinese and shipped in considerable quantities to China.

Several species of wild clover are eaten by the Indians of North America generally. When the blossoms appear whole villages may be seen squatted in the clover meadows plucking and eating the flowers to satiety. The latter are used for cooking also.

Along the Columbia river a kind of bread is made from a moss that grows on the spruce-fir tree. This moss is prepared by placing it in heaps, sprinkling it with water and permitting it to ferment. Then it is rolled into balls as big as a man's head, and these are baked in pits.

There is a species of seaweed, a kind of kelp, which the Indians of Alaska are very fond of chewing. It is as tough as leather, and one piece will last a man who has good teeth for a whole day. These Indians have an interesting fashion of collecting herring eggs. They weave mattresses of cedar twigs and sink them with stones in the water. The fish deposit their spawn upon the twigs, and it is subsequently collected and dried.

The root of a sort of turnip is used by the Indians of Tennessee for a very curious purpose—namely, to cure dogs of the habit of eating eggs. This root has a very hot and biting flavor, and a small portion of it is put into an egg, which is placed in the dog's way. After swallowing it hastily and without consideration the animal never will touch another egg.

LARVÆ OF INSECTS.

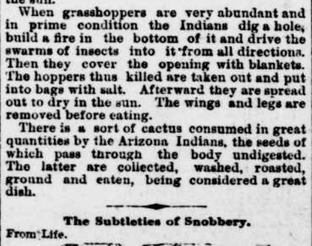
Indians are fond of the larvæ of many insects and they do not despise slugs as an article of food. Roasted crickets are a favorite diet with them, particularly in California and Utah. Grasshoppers furnish many tribes with a large part of their subsistence. The usual method of preparing them is to dig a pit smaller at the top than below. Some hot stones are put into the pit and a quantity of grasshoppers thrown upon them. Then some more hot stones are put in, another layer of grasshoppers, and so on until several bushels have thus been roasted. When cool, the grasshoppers are taken out, dried and ground. They are eaten alone or mixed with pounded acorns or berries, the mixture being made into cakes and dried in the sun.

When grasshoppers are very abundant and in prime condition the Indians dig a hole, build a fire in the bottom of it and drive the swarms of insects into it from all directions. Then they cover the opening with blankets. The hoppers thus killed are taken out and put into bags with salt. Afterward they are spread out to dry in the sun. The wings and legs are removed before eating.

There is a sort of cactus consumed in great quantities by the Arizona Indians, the seeds of which pass through the body undigested. The latter are collected, washed, roasted, ground and eaten, being considered a great dish.

The Subtleties of Snobbery.

From Life.



"Are those people anybody?"

"They are known by everybody, but care to know nobody."

"Then they must be somebody."

A judgment has been filed for $59,000 against Abraham Backer in New York.

FOR HEADACHE

Use Horsford's Acid Phosphate.

Dr. I. R. Sanford, Sheffield, Mass., says: "Most excellent in derangements of the nervous system, such as headache and sleeplessness."

FROM THE PACIFIC COAST.

Interesting Gossip About San Francisco and Her People.

FAMOUS NOB HILL PALACES—THE HOPKINS-SEARLE MANSION—STORY OF TIM HOPKINS' ADOPTION—THE STANFORD UNIVERSITY AND ITS MANIFOLD ADVANTAGES.

Special Correspondence of The Evening Star.

SAN FRANCISCO, Sept. 25, 1891.

I am slightly handicapped in anything I may say of San Francisco by the fact that it has been much better said by other parties more widely known to fame. So for fear of making any mistakes I want to indorse all the good that has ever been chronicled of this wonderful part of the country, and just to hint that really it would be rather a hard matter to exaggerate when you commence to enumerate the resources of California, from climate up and down the scale, just as you please. I have not been all over the state, for while my spirit is willing the flesh is weak. I have been almost satiated with good times, good cheer and great sights until tired nature fairly rebels. The most interesting part of my stay has been the amount of variety that a well-devised itinerary of travel from one part of the state to another has afforded.

I have been from palace to mining camps, and enjoyed breaking bread in them all. I say palaces advisedly, for while my stays in the different homes of royalty in the old world were limited to the presence and good offices of a hired guide, I doubt if any of them better deserved the name than do a few of the magnificent residences on San Francisco's Nob Hill.

HOUSES ON NOB HILL.

Senator Stanford's town house, corner of California and Powell streets, Mrs. Mark Hopkins Searles' home adjoining and the Crocker and Flood mansions opposite represent in the aggregate more money than probably any other block of houses in this country. They are all in such a commanding location that the city lies at their feet, but so far has the city grown to the west of this block that the neighborhood without these mansions would not be considered any longer fashionable. San Francisco should and will in the course of a few years have a distinctive architecture to beautify the hills and the copying of designs, such as are suitable in flat cities, will no longer be followed. This is the reason that neither the Flood nor the Crocker mansions, which are almost square structures, are admired by visitors. On the contrary, the Stanford and the Hopkins houses are pleasing in architecture and the outlines are gracefully broken by towers and porticos. Just at present many eyes are turned toward the closed up Hopkins mansion and much speculation is indulged in as to who will be its next tenant. The property has been on the market for the last year, as Mr. Searles did not ever care to live there and as his lamented wife seemed to do exactly as he wished. They were in unison on this subject.

The price for the property is a million and a half, but a quantity of the valuable furniture and pictures were included in that figure. However, there were no offers for the place, although it was understood that a million would be thankfully received. If Mr. Tim Hopkins succeeds in breaking the will the chances are that he will not care to live in the house either; in fact, he could scarcely afford to do so, unless he also gets the bulk of his adopted mother's wealth. This suit is the most interesting topic in this city at present and the hope is general that he will win. Those who have known Mrs. Hopkins for thirty or forty years are wondering where all the remarkable stories of when and how she adopted Tim can have originated.

HOW MRS. HOPKINS ADOPTED TIM.

The true story is so simple that it is not surprising that all the little furbishings have been added to make it read a bit more romantic. Tim's mother was Mrs. Hopkins' cook. She was with her a long time and was a general favorite in the Hopkins household, not only for her skill in the kitchen, but also for her general demeanor.

One day Mrs. Hopkins went down to her kitchen and was surprised to find a little boy there with the cook. She asked to whom the child belonged and between sobs and tears the cook admitted the child was hers, and feeling that he would be a hindrance in securing herself a good home she had managed to keep the boy, then about able to run around, without any one seeing him. Mrs. Hopkins was touched by the woman's appeal and told her she could keep the child in the house if she would not let Mr Hopkins see him, for he would be sure to object. When the little fellow was four years old both Mr. and Mrs. Hopkins were too fond of him to be parted from him, and as his mother was about to marry a rich man she was easily persuaded to give him up. Personally Mr. Hopkins is greatly respected and every one is confident that the will his mother made in his favor prior to her marriage will not be set aside.

THE STANFORD UNIVERSITY.

Senator and Mrs. Stanford have been down at Menlo Park all summer at their beautiful country home, Palo Alto, where both were busy with the preliminaries incident to the opening of the Leland Stanford, jr., University. The buildings, which have been now nearly five years in process of construction, are all finished and thoroughly equipped and furnished for the reception of the students and the opening of the classes on the day following the opening ceremonies, October 1. The great quadrangle in the center of the grounds will, under its cloistered arches, afford spacious class and lecture rooms, assembly halls, the library, offices and all the working rooms for students and faculty.

Outside of the quadrangle there are other buildings where the mechanical arts and all branches of electrical science will be taught. Two imposing structures, Eucina Hall, the dormitory for boys, and Roble Hall, the girls' dormitory, have in a measure been Mrs. Stanford's especial care since the first stones in their foundations were laid. She has watched every detail of the work and in all of the little things which will go so far toward making these buildings practically a home she has given the greatest thought and consideration. In Eucina Hall about 350 boys can be accommodated; very nearly that number have already entered. Each bed room is arranged for two boys. Each room has two broad windows, two single brass and iron bedsteads, two easy chairs and four other chairs for company, a double combination bureau and wardrobe especially designed by Mrs. Stanford, and a writing table for joint use, also specially made. There are bright rugs on the floor and various other womanly touches that make each room a glimpse of home. In the girls' dormitory the rooms are similarly arranged, and in everything can be seen the thoughtful consideration of the benefactress.

Senator Stanford has 30,000 sheep at his Vina ranch. A part of the last shearing went to make the blankets under which the students of the university will sleep, and beautiful, soft and warm they are.

A MAGNIFICENT GIFT.

When it is considered that all the advantages of the university are free to students from any and all sections, their books are free, and the teaching force not excelled, and in many repects scarcely equaled in the oldest colleges of this country, it will be seen that this magnificent gift of Senator and Mrs. Stanford to the youth of the country is unexcelled in the annals of munificence or philanthropy. By the time the growing needs of the university demand it the outer quadrangle will be finished and the plan of the main buildings completed, and the main entrance to the quadrangle will be a memorial arch in which will be placed a marble statue of Leland Stanford, jr. Other than this no suggestion of the name of the founders will appear in any part of the buildings.

The only expense to which the pupils are subjected is a small one for board, $200 a year. One hundred of the boys already entered will work their way through their course. The same privileges are open to the girls, of whom there are nearly 100 already entered. Coeducation will be the rule and the development of any special talent in the arts or sciences will receive the greatest encouragement. Each day will be commenced by a short religious exercise, at which all students are expected to assist, but other than this the university is absolutely unsectarian. The students are advised to attend some religious service on Sundays, and in the village of Menlo within easy access there are churches of several leading denominations. For those who do not care to go to either, there will be always a service in the college chapel. As an evidence of the broad and liberal ideas of both Senator Stanford and his wife it is now an open secret that two large educational institutions conducted by Catholics will be shortly commenced in close vicinity to the university. One of these will be the Theological Seminary of the archdiocese and the other a convent school.

THE PRESIDENT AND FACULTY.

President Jordan and the faculty, twenty in number, all of whom are under forty years of age, have had their lines cast in pleasant places. They are better salaried than perhaps any other group of educationalists, outside of specialists, in this country and have here comfortable homes amid surrounding so beautiful by nature that it would seem hard for man to improve upon them. They have been selected from hundreds of applicants and represent different parts of the country.

Almost as many of the pupils are from distant points as from California. Some of the boys have followed their professors from Harvard so as to finish their special courses under them. Washington, D. C., has a representative in the person of a young lady.

The museum building is receiving its finishing touches, but it will be a few months yet before it will be ready to receive its treasures. Mrs. Stanford has erected this building out of her private income, and in it she will place the valuable collection of curios and souvenirs of travel made by her son during the last few years of his life time. She encouraged him in his taste then, and now she provides a suitable shrine for the things his touch has made sacred. There are now in their city home four large rooms given up to this collection. Two of these rooms Leland Stanford, jr., arranged himself, and the cases containing many valuable and all interesting articles will find their resting place in the university museum exactly as he left them. The two rooms, in fact, have been exactly duplicated in the museum, and when the cases will be placed in position it will indeed seem as if the real founder of the museum had just left them. Added to this the superb collection of curios from every land, the paintings, hundreds and hundreds of them, and many of the most famous in the world, the bronzes, the statuary and other wonderful works of art with which all the fine residences of Senator Stanford in this state are filled will indeed make the new museum rank with the best in the world. A late addition has been the receipt of copies of most of the finest paintings of old masters from the Vatican, Dresden and other famous galleries. These pictures are framed even in exact imitation of the originals.

MRS. HARRISON'S PAINTING.

Coming generations will also gaze with pleasure on the painting presented by Mrs. Harrison, upon the occasion of her visit here last spring to Mrs. Stanford. It is generally regarded as the very best she has ever done and satisfied herself, or she would not have given it away. It is painted on porcelain and represents a spray of pink and white cosmos flowers. It is delicately framed in moss green plush.

Baby McKee will be gratified to hear that his equine namesake, christened by the President last spring at Palo Alto, has passed the kindergarten age and was very lately promoted to a higher class in Senator Stanford's horse school.